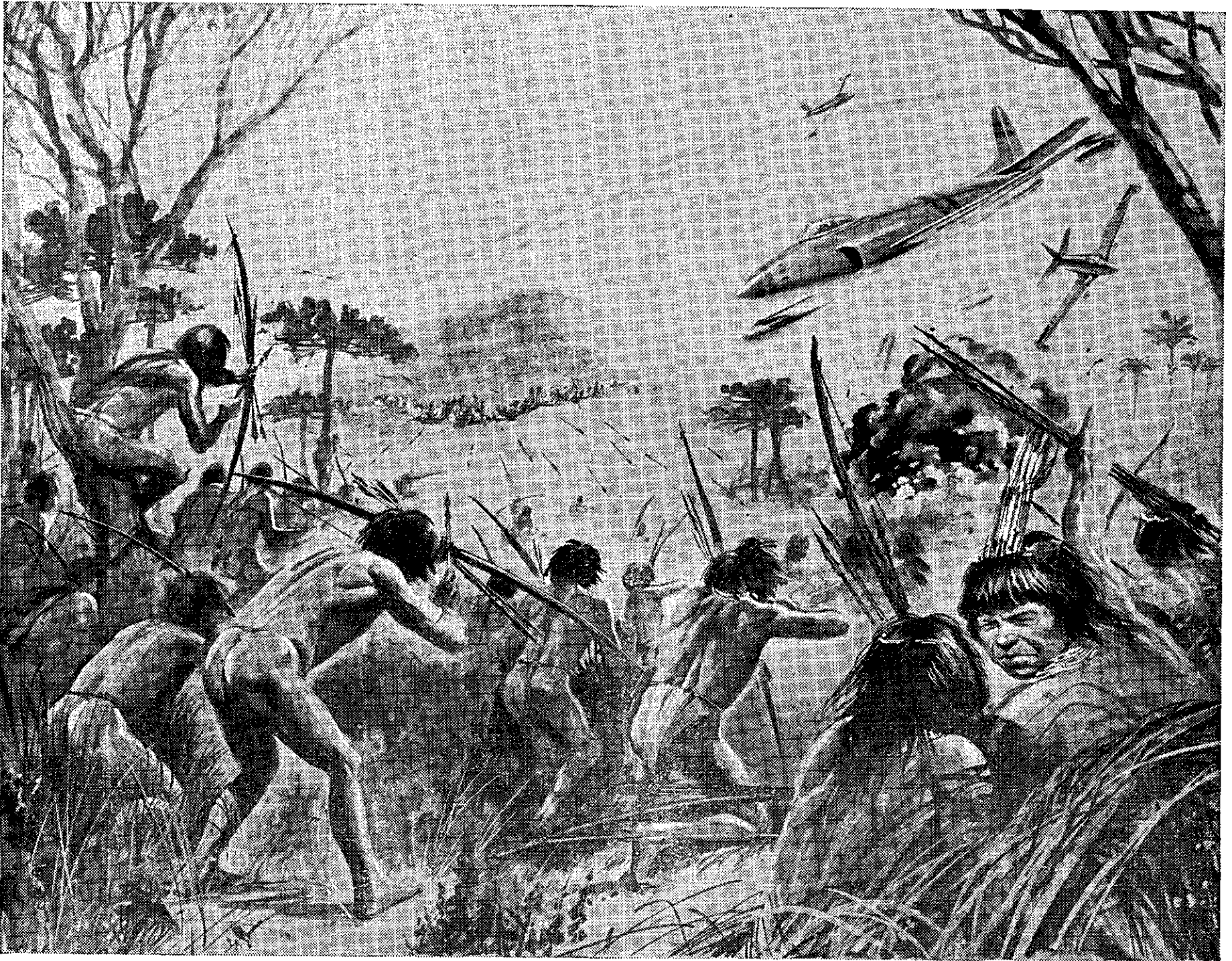


CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

Every Wednesday—Sixpence

FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE

Week Ending 25th April, 1964



TERROR IN THE JUNGLE!

THOUSANDS of screaming Indians, poisoned arrows flashing from their bows, encircled a group of white men in the hot jungle. Slowly the net of shrieking brown bodies was drawing tighter and tighter . . .

This is not just a story. It really happened, and very recently, too.

The white men were soldiers and surveyors, and they were being besieged in their camp in the Peruvian jungle, 50 miles from the Brazilian border. Desperately they radioed for help: "Save us from the Indians. They want to exterminate us."

Torrential rain, falling in sheets, failed to stop the Indians' attack. They were determined to destroy their "enemies." To them, the surveyors were intruders upon their jungle kingdom. They could not be expected to realise that the white man's mission was the peaceful one of exploring the route for a road to the Brazilian frontier.

The SOS brought action.

Jungle-trained Rangers set out from Lima, the Peruvian capital, to rescue the trapped party. But the heavy rain slowed their progress to a crawl. A helicopter tried to brave the weather, but the storm battered it so fiercely that it was forced to turn back.

Meanwhile, one by one, the poisoned arrows were finding their mark. An engineer died; then another. Two more were hurt, and others narrowly missed being wounded.

And this was only the begin-

ning. With escape impossible and help slow in coming because of the treacherous storms, the party's chances of survival seemed thin indeed.

A New Sound

The noise of the Indian attack seemed to grow louder as the storm passed. Then came a new sound; the throbbing of aircraft, followed by the spluttering of machine guns and the *whoomp* of bombs.

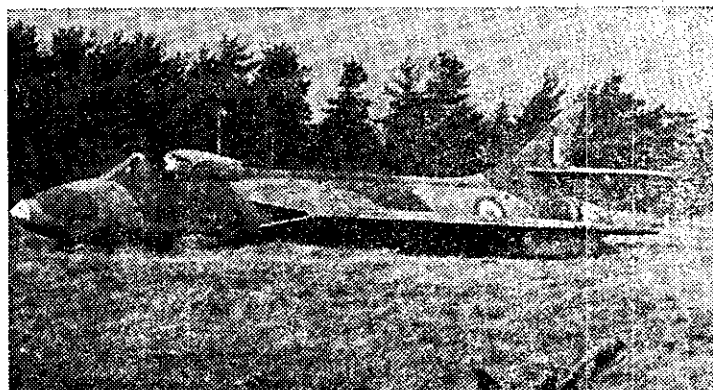
The Indians' savage shouts turned to terrified cries as they

ran for protection from the white men's flying machines that spat fire and hot lead.

Cheers echoed through the jungle now . . . cheers from the men saved from death by the Peruvian Air Force. And next day the cheers rang out again to greet the mud-spattered Peruvian Rangers who arrived to guide the party to safety.

The days of terror in the jungle were over at last!

IN BRITAIN NOW



FOUR-LEGGED DETECTIVE

This is Rusty, the Alsatian, who is employed on special work for the Ministry of Aviation. Following a plane crash, it is Rusty's job to ferret out vital equipment which might help in solving the reason for the disaster



MAGAZINE FOR ANIMAL LOVERS

Young animal-lovers who are also budding journalists, poets, artists, and photographers may be interested in a new publication issued by the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals. Called *Animal Forum*, it is designed specially for those between the ages of 13 and 20, and it is from this age-group that almost half of the contents in the first issue has come.

Included in the magazine are articles on animals and the care of pets, the work of the PDSA ambulance driver, and competitions.

Animal Forum will appear six times a year; further information can be obtained by writing to Miss Ann Rhodes, Publications Department, PDSA House, Clifford Street, London, W.1.

ADVENTURE IN THE HIGHLANDS

An adventure school for boys has been opened at Applecross, on the south-west coast of Ross and Cromarty. It has accommodation for 36 boys.

Known as the West Highland School of Adventure, the centre covers an area of 80,000 acres and has ideal facilities for rock climbing, hill and moor walking, camping expeditions, canoeing, sailing, and swimming. Its headquarters

are at Hartfield Lodge, home of Major John L. Willis, who is associated with the famous Dockland Settlements. For this reason, boys from the Dockland Settlements—and Scottish boys—will get priority in booking courses.

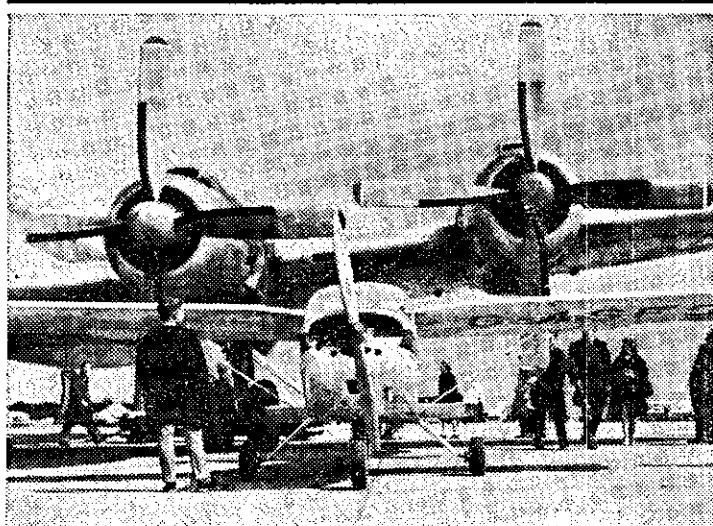
Each course, which lasts four weeks, costs £40, plus charges for the hire of equipment—and, of course, the cost of travelling. There will be ten courses a year.

FOR TRAIN- SPOTTERS

How many of you have spotted the new crest on the *Flying Scotsman*?

Made of glass fibre, it shows the Thistle of Scotland, with wings—similar to those on the feet of the Greek god Hermes—branching off the stem.

Coming Events



Special Event

● **BIGGIN HILL, Kent**: Take a trip in a plane or view the exhibits at the 2nd International Air Fair, 7th-10th May

Also

● **LONDON**: Royal Academy Summer Exhibition at Burlington House, Piccadilly, 2nd May-15th August

● **SOUTHEND-ON-SEA**: Music Festival Week, 4th-8th May

CAROLINE WILL WELCOME THE PRINCE

Prince Philip is to visit Northern Ireland on 6th-7th May. One of his engagements will be to board the training ship *HMS Caroline* in Belfast, to join in the celebrations marking this light cruiser's 50th anniversary.

HMS Caroline is the last survivor of the ships which took part in the Battle of Jutland in May 1916.

MEDIEVAL MYSTERY

Plays last performed 400 years ago may be staged in Lincoln Cathedral next year. They are the Lincoln Mystery Plays, which date from the 14th century.

The original manuscripts of these plays, last presented in Lincoln in the reign of Elizabeth I, are still in existence in the British Museum.

It seems to me...

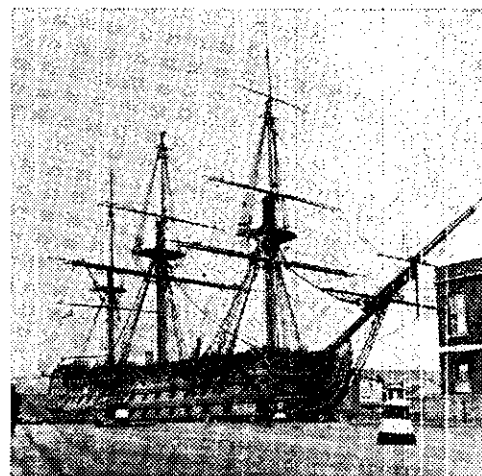
SYMBOLS OF GREATNESS

WHEN we had a feature in CN recently about the plan to preserve the old paddle steamer *Medway Queen*, which saved so many British lives during the last war, several readers wrote to say that they thought this would be a waste of money which could go to feed the hungry of the world, or some other worthy cause.

I wrote back saying that I sympathised with this point of view but that a case could be made for saving the old ship because she was a memorial to one of Britain's "finest hours".

Our picture this week is of another, far older and far more famous ship—Nelson's flagship, *HMS Victory*, which symbolises as nothing else can do the days of our country's supremacy at sea.

HMS Victory lies in Portsmouth Dockyard, and is at present being overhauled. She is open to visitors and I'm sure that

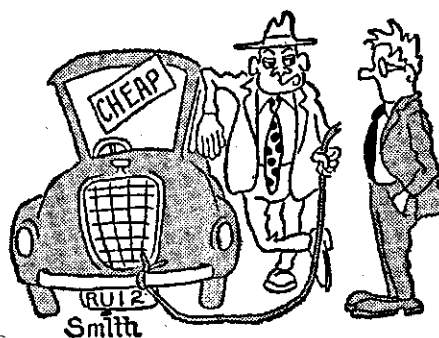


HMS Victory in her berth in Portsmouth Dockyard

any of you who go to see this wonderful old ship will be glad that she wasn't broken up!

The Editor

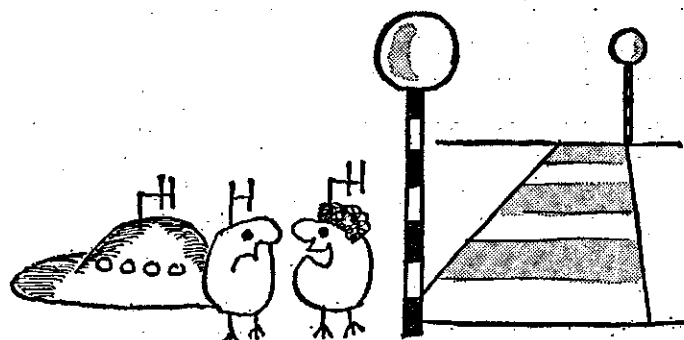
LAUGH TIME



"Now this job is very cheap to run—you simply tie this to the car in front"

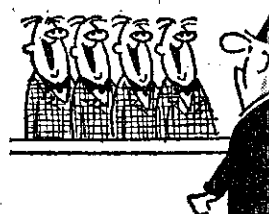


"Grundy in lane 2 seems to be in trouble! It looks like cramp."

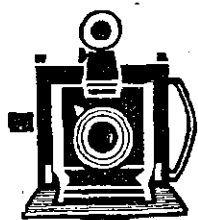


"This saucy thing's winking at me, Fred!"

DUPLICATING AGENCY



"Good morning, Sir!"



KNOW YOUR NEWS

INS AND OUTS IN BRAZIL

BRAZIL, largest and most populous of Latin America's 16 republics, has just passed through one of its periodic crises.

OUT went her elected President, Joao Goulart, a wealthy and handsome "reformer." He fled to exile in Uruguay.

IN came the late President's Army chief, General Branco, as the new President.

So the Brazilians got rid of a leader whose sole aim, when he

Yet many of the people he professed to help accused him of going too far to the right and helping the richer sections of Brazilian society.

These con-



IN: General Humberto Castelo Branco



OUT: Former President Joao Goulart

traditions spring from the fact that trade and industry are booming in Brazil. Factories are popping up all over the land.

So a larger "cake" was

produced during Senhor Goulart's rule. The whole population was better off—but the rich still got more than the poor.

This is the sort of situation in which Communists thrive, and this is why so many Communists were arrested during and after the coup.

Brazil, 1,000 miles in length and breadth, was a Portuguese colony until 1822.

Eleven Brazilians out of every 100 are black descendants of African Negro slaves, while 27 are brown and 62 are white.

This unusual country is perhaps the world's nearest approach to a genuine multi-racial society. But it is beset by political "wobbles."

Politically Unstable

There is much political instability in Latin America. For example:

In **VENEZUELA** a plot has recently been unearthed to overthrow President Betancourt's Government with the aid of arms smuggled from Cuba;

In **BRITISH GUIANA** strife between Indians and Negroes is fanned by Cuba, and blocks this British colony's road to independence;

In **PANAMA** students revolted against United States troops guarding the American-leased canal zone.

None of these countries, least of all Brazil, can be said to be poor. It is the *distribution* of their wealth which has gone wrong—and must soon be put right if the danger of civil war, and worse, is to be avoided.



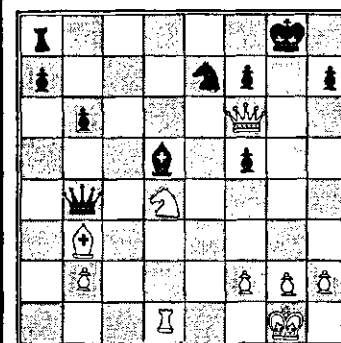
Map showing Brazil and some of the near-by countries

CN CHESS CLUB

THE Hastings International Chess Congress was won this year by a 23-year-old Russian player, Mikhail Tal.

Tal's rise to fame in the chess world has been rapid. He first learned to play when he was only eight, and he immediately amazed people with his ability.

But although Tal was a fine chess player, he did not neglect his schooling. He worked hard and gained a place at the University. It was while he was there that he became a chess master. He won many senior tournaments and gained the opportunity to challenge the world champion. After a great struggle Tal managed to win the world championship by 12½ games to 8½.



In the position above Tal was white. His next move was the direct reason for his victory, although he did not check-mate his opponent.

T. MARSDEN
Answer on page 12

READERS' LETTERS

FROM STEWART OF BERLIN

Dear Sir,—I am looking for pen-friends from all over the world.

I am 15 and at present I live in Germany. My special interests are swimming, cycling, collecting stamps (British Empire and Commonwealth), hearing the latest news, and history and geography.

Stewart Coltman,
Luther Str. 7, Berlin-Spandau, Germany.

Evening comes to Berlin



UNDERSTANDING

Dear Sir,—It is my firm conviction that, if children could learn to understand each other's faiths, we could learn to grow into adults without the bitter words and struggles of creed and colour which we hear only too much of in the adult Press.

Tina Levine, 54 Hereford Street, Bethnal Green, London, E.2.

SHAKESPEARE IN POLAND

Dear Sir,—Here in Poland we are commemorating the quatercentenary of Shakespeare's birth. *Richard II* is on at the National Theatre and rehearsals of *Macbeth* are continuing at the Polish Theatre.

Also new translations and new editions of Shakespeare's works will be out this year.

CRUELTY?

Dear Sir,—I absolutely disagree with Marion Pye's letter (issue dated 28th March). Animals in captivity are perfectly happy as long as they have their three basic needs—sleep, food, and companionship.

I myself want to be a wild-animal trainer when I leave school, and I certainly would not do it if it meant cruelty to the animal.

Sheila Lee, Bebington, Cheshire.

Dear Sir,—In answer to Marion Pye's letter, I agree that it is cruel to confine animals to very small spaces, and train them to perform.

On the other hand, I do not feel it is cruel for animals to be kept in large zoos, if they have plenty of space, the climate suits them, and they are treated well.

Geraldine Phillipson, Sale, Cheshire.

GO

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railways †
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If you are 11 or older, GO to your nearest post box right away and send for free illustrated brochure!

TO Y.H.A. HOME TOURS.

Trevelyan House, St. Albans, Herts.

Please send "Go With Adventure" Brochure.

NAME.....

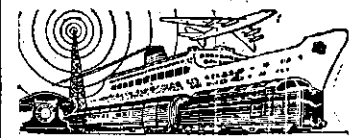
ADDRESS

CN6411..... Date of Birth.....



THIS WIDE WORLD

BRIEFLY . . .



UNESCO NEWS

The first International Conference on Youth is to be held by UNESCO (United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organisation) in Grenoble, France, from 23rd August to 1st September. It will bring together about 350 delegates from Unesco's Member States, and representatives of 14 youth organisations.

The work of the Conference will be divided among four committees, and will discuss training for working life, for the use of leisure time, for social and civic life, and for international life and understanding.

Some 350 young members of Unesco Clubs in Tananarive have taken part in a "Tree-Planting Day" on the hills surrounding the Malagasy (Madagascar) capital.

The members who are concerned, pupils of the city's secondary schools, set out for the site with bags of tools on their backs. Each pupil later planted a young eucalyptus tree.

The occasion was a lively one, for some of the boys and girls had taken along musical instruments. The day's work ended to the strains of the Afindrafindrao, the traditional Malagasy dance.

KANGAROOS IN THE TREETOPS

KANGAROOS appear to be such ungainly creatures that it is hard to imagine them being anywhere other than on firm ground. Yet in the tropical rain forests of north-eastern Queensland, Australia, and in parts of New Guinea, there live kangaroos which climb trees.



In the treetops, these kangaroos are amazingly agile

Though much smaller than land-dwelling kangaroos, they are true members of the kangaroo-wallaby family. They carry their young in pouches and move by jumping when they travel over the ground. But, unlike their bigger

cousins, tree kangaroos seem clumsy on the ground.

In the treetops they are amazingly agile. They can climb with speed and, when disturbed or frightened, can make downward leaps of more than 30 feet without harm.

Like all kangaroos, the tree species like to sleep during the day and feed at night. But they do not eat grass, as do other kangaroos, preferring instead ferns, berries and leaves, particularly the leaves of the white cedar trees in the forests of Queensland.

Although living in hot, tropical areas, tree kangaroos have thick fur, which forms a natural umbrella when they sleep, curled up in a tree fork with their heads between their hind legs and the backs of their necks and shoulders exposed.

TOO MUCH SOOT ON SAN JOSE

In parts of the Central American republic of Costa Rica, there are people who might well be taken for visitors from outer space. Actually, they are villagers seeking protection from the soot and ash of an active volcano.

The 11,200-foot Mount Irazu began erupting about a year ago, and several times a day since then it has poured clouds of soot and ash into the air. The tiny particles float gently down to earth, covering San Jose and other villages at the foot of the mountain. To protect themselves, the villagers have to wear a form of plastic headress.

Water supplies, crops, and cattle are being affected, too. The volcanic ash—about 15,000 tons of it is estimated to have fallen in 1963—covers agricultural land and the pastureland on which dairy herds graze.

BIG BUOY

A giant buoy is helping scientists in the Mediterranean to measure water temperature, take photographs, and carry out other experiments.

The buoy measures 212 feet, weighs 250 tons, and is moored halfway between the French town of Nice and the north coast of Corsica. All but 32 feet of the buoy is below the surface, and it has a top which forms a platform on which a helicopter can land.

In a room just above the water-line, two scientists and two navy men conduct experiments for the French Government's Office of Scientific Research. A lift can take them from their room down to the laboratory, or even lower in the buoy. Numerous portholes allow photographs to be taken and other details noted.

The four men spend three months on the buoy before they are relieved by a new team.

CHANGE IN THE FLAG OF GHANA

There is a slight change in the flag of Ghana, which was made up of horizontal bands of red, gold (bearing a black star), and green. The gold band has been replaced by white (still with the star), so that the flag is in the colours of the ruling Convention People's Party.

DANGER IN THE DRYING SWAMPS

The biggest tropical wilderness in the United States is in danger of drying out—because of irrigation projects which have diverted water from the swamps to the farmlands.

It is the Everglades National Park, in southern Florida, a flat marshland with swamps and tall grasses. The park is flooded several times a year by the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic Ocean.

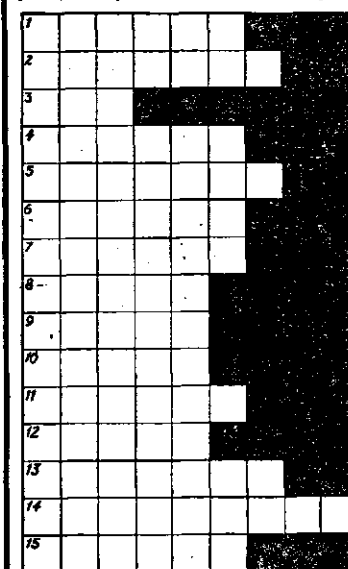
The water is being drained off

to serve farmland—and the growing city of Miami—and scientists say that the area is getting too dry for some of the more rare kinds of wading bird. The wood ibis, reddish egret, and white heron are among the species which are leaving the park in search of food, and many of them perish.

The shallow waters are also the home of the last remaining crocodiles living wild in the United States.

KNOWLEDGE ACROSTIC

Answer the clues, and the initial letters, read downwards, will spell the name of an Italian who, as well as being a painter, was a sculptor, poet, composer, scientist, and philosopher.



- 1 Famous art gallery in Paris.
- 2 Imaginary line encircling the globe.
- 3 Unit of electrical resistance.
- 4 Scandinavian country.
- 5 Kind of barometer.
- 6 Madame Curie discovered this.
- 7 American originator of the Donald Duck cartoons.
- 8 Last letter of the Greek alphabet.
- 9 Patron saint of Wales.
- 10 Brother of Moses.
- 11 Stringed orchestral instrument.
- 12 Ancient Indian people of Peru.
- 13 The fourth book of the Old Testament.
- 14 Prime Minister of England between 1940-45.
- 15 Jewish republic in the Middle East.

Answer on page 12

'JULIE'S GENTLE GIANT'

You will adore this long, brand-new picture story introducing another popular, lovable character from Princess magazine—Uncle Lionel, that astonishing inventor who lives with his niece Julie and her family at Lower Poppleton. No. 68 in Princess Picture Library

And more corking adventures with Sue Day in "Sue And The Amazing Dummy" (No. 67)



HURRY FOR YOUR COPIES NOW!

PRINCESS PICTURE LIBRARY 1/- each Out Now!

POP SPOT

This week CN features Brian Poole and the four fabulous "Twist and Shout" Tremeloes



BRIAN POOLE and the four Tremeloes add their county label to those of Merseyside, Manchester, and other Northern-named Beats. It's an energetic, enlivening all-ESSEX beat, for four of The Tremeloes—Alan Blakely and Alan Howard, Dave Munden and Ricky West—are from Dagenham, while 22-year-old Brian comes from Barking.

It was their recording of *Twist and Shout*—the seventh of their eleven discs—that took them into the Hit Parade with a No. 4 rating. A successful follow up with *Do You Love Me?* was No. 1 for four consecutive weeks, and *Candy Man* leapt into the Top Ten.

The group got under way five years ago, when Brian and two of the boys were still at school. Two years later the intrepid Tremeloes turned professional. Their tempo produces a wild brand of beat that has taken them on the ballroom circuit, TV and Radio, a summer season at a holiday camp, and to the film studios for a part in *Just For Fun*. Thence to Paris Olympia (the French 'London Palladium'), and to Sweden.

SPECIALLY FOR GIRLS

SMOOTH TALK!

CAN you guess what Brenda Turley of Tipton, Staffordshire, is doing in the picture (below)? She's inspecting flat irons (100,000 a year) at the foundry where she works.

I can almost hear some of you saying: *flat irons!* Surely no-one buys a flat iron these days! Surprising though it is, there's a pressing demand for the old-fashioned flat iron of Grandma's day. In fact, it forms a link between Africans and caravan-dwellers in this country, for thousands of these shiny black triangular irons are exported to Africa and sold to home caravanners.

Compared with modern streamlined models, they really are old-fashioned, but they do a good job in areas where lack of gas or electricity make it impossible to use any other kind. Of course, they're not nearly so clean to handle as the gleaming chromium or dual-toned models of today. And they're hopelessly out-dated by the latest "automatic" iron that gently eases itself over the garments.

Just the same, you'll still find an old flat iron in many modern homes today, maybe propping open a door or used for breaking up hard-dog-biscuits. Why the reluctance to throw it away? Well, if there's a power-cut, it can always be pressed into service again!



Flat irons are in great demand

TRAINING FOR A WORLD TOUR

BACK to the parade ground recently went a famous personality whose voice is known to thousands. No—not a Pop personality, but Ronald Brittain, ex-Regimental Sergeant-Major, Coldstream Guards. On this occasion his barrack-square bark was toned down while he inspected girls of the Horse Rangers at their HQ in Shepperton, Middlesex. Mr. Brittain is now their Chief Marshal and is to train 25 girls for a world tour.

"I shall give them some spit-and-polish and turn them out smartly," he said. He was impressed with their enthusiasm and described the Horse Rangers of the Commonwealth Association as "a sort of Girl Guides in Annie-Get-Your-Gun hats—except they learn all about horses." (They also carry bugles.)

Training girls is not new to Mr. Brittain. He has drilled Service women and the Tiller and Bluebell girl groups of dancers. He will start to drill the Horse Rangers in the near future. "I've given them a pep talk and told them not to be scared of my reputation as a Sergeant Major. By the time I've finished, they'll be very proud to show the flag."

ANN LEAPS FORWARD

A GIRL who knows exactly where she's going when she leaves school this summer is 16-year-old dancer Ann Saville of Edlington, Doncaster. She's going to work in Paris! That's Ann (below) leaping a garden seat. Ann has also been given a two-year contract with a chance of a visit to Las Vegas, Nevada.

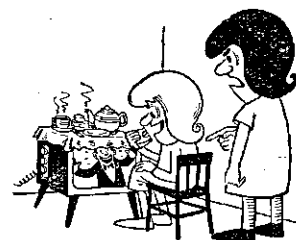
"I've been taking dancing lessons for about five years," she said, "but never thought I would get my big chance so soon."

Meanwhile she is staying on at the Percy Jackson Grammar School, near Doncaster, to sit the GCE. With such a wonderful future ahead, Ann, as you can see, finds it difficult to keep her feet on the ground!



Ann Saville is jumping for joy

SISTERS



"You couldn't get closer to that television if you tried!"

IDEAL HOME KIT

A LOVELY present to give (or be given) is Waddington's "Ideal Home Kit." It's a build-it-yourself doll's house made of prefabricated sections easily put together with special clips so that no glue is needed. These sections form a number of different room combinations and there are real wall-papers, curtaining materials and carpet-patterned linings to use.

There's a cut-out house heating set, boiler, radiators, fire places and even a coal-bunker. It's a creative doll's house where you can try out a combination of colour schemes. The basic kit sells at 27s. 6d. and there are six accessory kits available at 4s. each.

Vicky



HOW WE RUN OUR COUNTRY

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH

WE saw last week how Parliament was opened. This week we will look at the Speech from the Throne which officially opens Parliament each session.

When the Lords and the Commons are assembled in the House of Lords, the Queen reads her speech. In fact, she does not write this speech herself. It is written for her by her Ministers and it outlines the Government's plans for the main work of the session. It talks about Government policy and mentions the main Bills which the Government intends to introduce during the session.

Powerful House

When the speech has been read, both Houses discuss and debate it separately. The debate in the Commons is more important than that in the Lords because, as we have seen, the Commons is the more powerful House.

During the Commons debate, all that has been mentioned in the Queen's Speech is discussed, and Government supporters defend it against attacks from the Opposition.

What happens is that a motion



The Queen's Speech officially opens Parliament

for "A humble Address of Thanks" to Her Majesty is proposed and discussed. The motion is usually proposed and seconded by two back-bench MPs from the Government side (that is, by two Government MPs who are not Ministers).

Then there may be several days during which amendments (suggested alterations) are discussed. If MPs want to criticise the Government's programme, they may do so by suggesting amendments. The Speaker decides which amendments he will call for discussion, and then he will usually choose speakers from each side of the House to speak for and against the amendment.

At the end of the full debate, which will have covered almost all aspects of Government policy, the motion for "A humble Address of Thanks" to Her Majesty will be agreed upon.

After this has been done in both the House of Lords and the House of Commons, each House can then start on its work for the session.

Next week: **SESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT**

TAKE A LOOK AT NATURE



FINDING THEIR WAY

SOME readers seem very interested in the subject of "way-finding" by various kinds of animals. I use the term "way-finding" because this is the main theme of the questions I am asked, though the methods used by creatures differ greatly.

The migration of birds is one example. Another is the movement of toads in early spring, when they emerge from hibernation and progress overland to their chosen ponds for spawning. And then there are the shorter, more obvious movements of some mammals when they are hunting prey.

Though much has been found out about the migration of birds

by

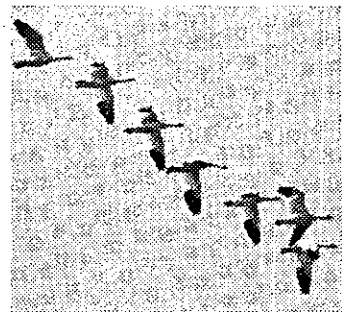
Maxwell Knight

in spring, and also in autumn, the precise means which enable them to travel thousands of miles and arrive at the desired destination has not been finally established. That birds navigate by the sun—and possibly by the stars as well—is more or less agreed, but by just what sense or mechanism they are able to translate what they see in the sky into a guide for steering is, as yet, an unsolved problem.

Toads are very probably aided by their sense of smell—the odour of a suitable pond acts as an invisible signpost. If certain small plants (algae) disappear or are

absent from a pond, toads may either desert it, or have an unsatisfactory breeding season; or they may ignore such a pond in favour of another.

Many insects find flowers, whose nectar they sip, by scent (though



Joe Van Wormer

Birds—like the geese here—are thought to navigate by the sun

they have their organs of smell in very curious places—they have no noses as we understand this word). Some female moths give off scent particles, which are carried by air currents; the males pick up this scent by means of their antennae, and can do so from as far as a mile away.

Hunting mammals also rely on their powers of scenting, not only to tell them that some suitable prey is in their path, but also to follow trails left by the quarry.

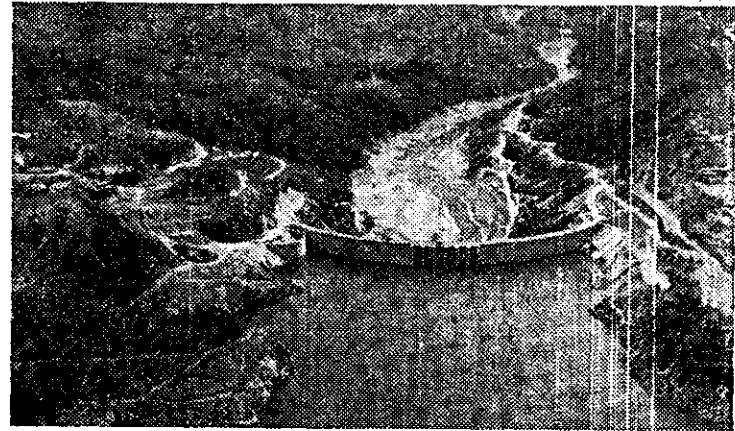
Snakes, too, can follow scent trails very well indeed, but in their case it is the delicate forked tongue that takes the place of a mammal's nose and acts as a very efficient organ of smell.

Some fishes are aided by currents in the water when moving from sea to river and vice-versa; but in day-to-day movements, such as are required for finding and catching food, sight and smell—and even the sense of touch—come into the picture according to what kind of fish one is considering.

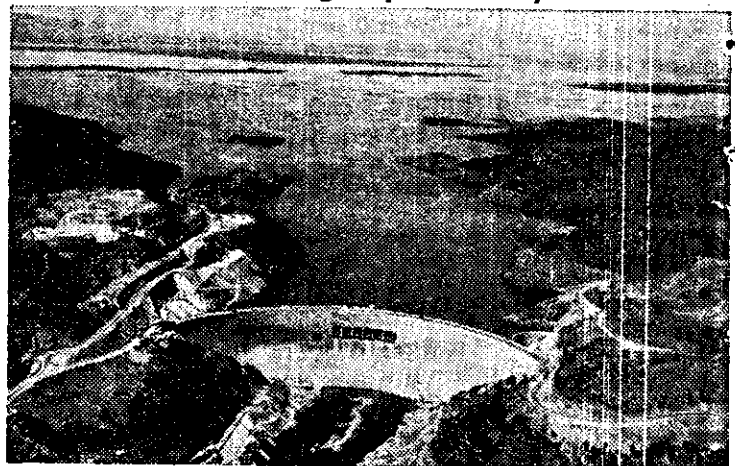
Though there is much that is not yet fully understood about the manner in which many animals find their way around, the majority use the senses which we ourselves have; but such senses are often far more delicate and efficient than ours.

CN PANORAMA

News in Pictures



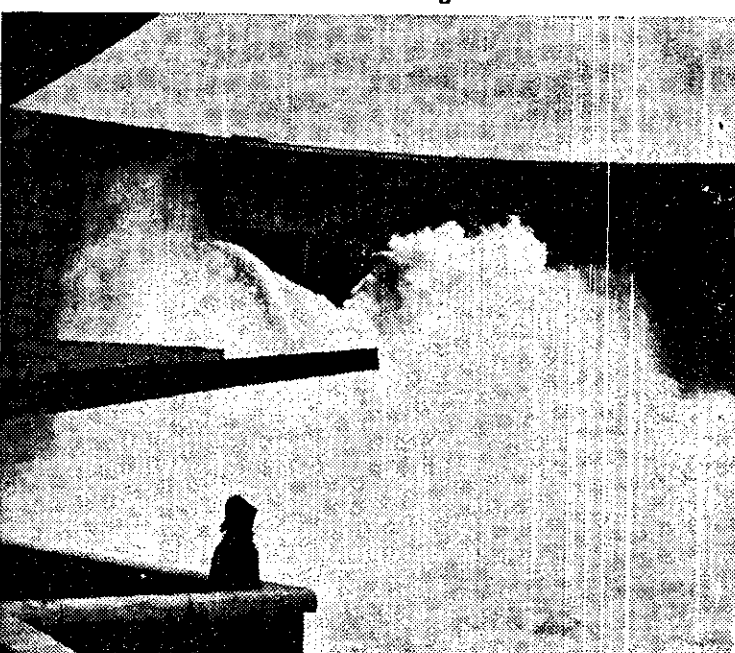
Downstream view: The top of the Kariba Dam is 420 feet above the Zambezi River, seen winding away in the valley below the dam



Upstream view: The dam wall, 2,025 feet across, contains 1,275,000 cubic yards of concrete

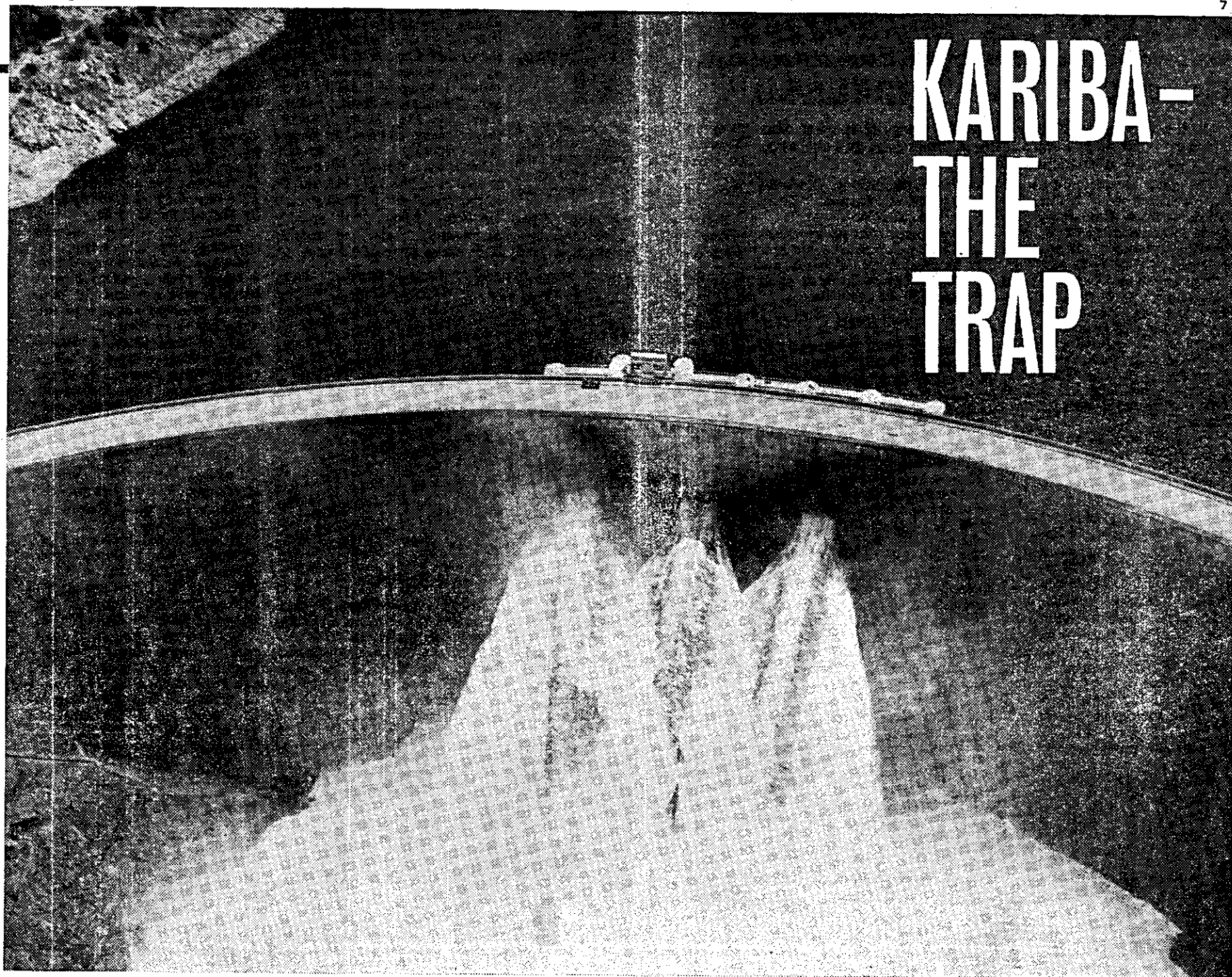


Above: The machine hall. Below: The force of water which drives the turbines and generators



25th April, 1964

7



The huge dam transmits electric power 268 miles into Northern Rhodesia and 622 miles into Southern Rhodesia

AN ON-THE-SPOT REPORT FROM A C N READER

RECENTLY, my parents and I visited Lake Kariba the biggest man-made lake in the world. Lake Kariba was formed by damming the Zambesi River, between Northern and Southern Rhodesia.

We caught glimpses of the lake for several miles before we reached it. Then, rounding a corner, we saw the mighty dam wall itself.

The wall is crescent-shaped and made of concrete. It is 420 feet high and the roadway across the top is half a mile long. Three of the six sluice gates were open and water was belching forth with clouds of spray, causing beautiful rainbows.

Three massive tongues of water were rushing out of the sluices, green in the centre, white at the edges, and hurtling down more than 300 feet.

Lake Kariba is 170 miles long and 20 miles across at its widest. The main purpose of the dam is to supply hydro-electric power, but fishing is a second industry.

We stayed the night with the headmaster of Kariba School, and next morning we went underground at the Central African Power Corporation's station.

We entered the C.A.P.C. buildings on the south bank, in Southern Rhodesia. First we saw the wonderful view of the whole dam wall that the Queen Mother saw when she opened the dam in 1960.



When the lake was forming, it trapped many animals, which, like this bushbuck, had to be rescued from the rising waters

We then saw the control room, which is manned twenty-four hours per day.

Next we descended 600 feet to the power station itself. On reaching the bottom in the lift, the journey down having taken 55 seconds, we entered a white tiled tunnel. We passed through the transformer room, where the

power generated by the turbines is converted into electricity, and then we entered the air-conditioned machine hall.

This ended our tour of Kariba—an African word meaning Trap.

GILLIAN CRAIG (15)

Pictures by courtesy of the Southern Rhodesia Government

SCIENCE SURVEY

HE GAVE US "WIRELESS"



Nothing is more stirring than the story of a man who attempts what most people think is impossible, and succeeds. Such a man was Guglielmo Marconi.

The secret of Marconi's success was the simplicity of his thought, which enabled him to triumph while those supposed to be better qualified, remained the prisoners of their own technical assertions.

The son of an Italian business man and his Irish wife, Marconi was born at Bologna on 25th April, 1874. His boyhood home contained an extensive library, and Guglielmo loved to read about chemistry and electricity, and about famous men of science, such as Franklin, Faraday, and Edison.

As he learned more about electricity, he became absorbed in the puzzle of electromagnetism, and he studied closely the work of the German scientist Hertz, who believed that electricity had a wave motion similar to light.

Simple Receiver

Hertz had found that when high voltage electric sparks were produced, electromagnetic waves were radiated which could be picked up across the room on a simple receiver consisting of a loop of wire. With his apparatus he showed that these waves had the same velocity as those of light.

Young Marconi was quick to

see from this that a wonderful new system of telegraphy without wires was possible.

He thereupon set up apparatus on his father's estate to see how far the waves would travel, but found that several hundred yards was the best he could do.

Rejected

Persevering with his experiments, he tried connecting his equipment to "earth," and also to a vertical wire, or "aerial." At once, instead of being limited to a few hundred yards, the range could be measured in miles.

Marconi worked hard to improve his invention, until he was convinced that there was no distance on Earth which could not be conquered. Then he offered it to the Italian Government—who rejected it.

The world of science was equally unimpressed; as electromagnetism was similar to light, the scientists said, it must travel in straight lines, and the curvature of the Earth would make it impossible for the waves to be received over any useful distance.

In spite of the fact that in theory his ideas were not feasible, Marconi knew he could make

them work, although he admitted he did not know why, for he had no idea that the waves were sent back to Earth by a radio-active layer many miles above the ground.

Following the rejection of his system by the Italian Government in 1896, Marconi, then aged



Marconi's Wireless Telegraph Co. Ltd.

Marconi with some of his early equipment

22, decided to seek his fortune in England, where his mother's relatives could help him.

Aided by his English cousin James Davis, he began to give demonstrations of wireless telegraphy in London, and many prominent people became interested.

One of these was Sir William Preece, Engineer-in-Chief to the Post Office, who tested Marconi's claims and then asked him to set up a wireless communication system between the South Foreland Lighthouse at Dover, and the East Goodwin Sands lightship. Before many months had passed the lightship was severely battered by a storm which carried away part of the deck, but, thanks to the "wireless" which had been installed, help was quickly summoned. Only two months later a steamer collided with the

The Children's Newspaper, 25th April, 1964

making it the first steamship to be fitted with wireless telegraphy.

Marconi's dream, what he called "the big thing," was to send his spluttering spark across the 2,000 miles of ocean which separated England from America.

Selecting a site at Poldhu, in Cornwall, for a new station, Marconi decided to build a transmitter 100 times more powerful than any that had gone before. This was ready for its first test by the autumn of 1901.

When the long wooden operating lever (for safety) was pressed, great sparks as thick as a man's wrist began to cross a ten-inch wide gap, and the noise was so great that cotton-wool ear-plugs had to be worn.

Almost immediately a wireless station 225 miles away in Ireland replied, saying that the signal had reached them with such force, that they had no doubt the signals would reach America.

Success !

Leaving instructions for a certain signal to be sent out each day at a fixed time, Marconi set out for America. On Thursday, 12th December, 1901, he and two assistants sat and listened in an old military barracks on Signal Hill, near St. Johns, Newfoundland, while above them a kite supported their 400 feet of aerial.

For half an hour they listened, but no sound came from the instrument. Then, suddenly, there came the three little dots (. . .) of the morse letter S. Marconi had been right. Wireless had flashed across the Atlantic.

Advertiser's Announcement

Mary Brown meets Susan Maughan



HAVEN'T YOU EVER SMOKED, MISS MAUGHAN?

SUSAN MAUGHAN Of course I have, I tried it but...

MARY But what, Susan?

SUSAN MAUGHAN Well I don't think a girl can really be smart or chic with her breath smelling of tobacco, do you?

MARY I never thought of that...

SUSAN MAUGHAN Well, you know, Mary, you never know **yourself** about your own breath. But others do. And just between us girls...

MARY Yes?

SUSAN MAUGHAN ... boys, no matter how they talk, really like girls to smell fresh, it's part of being smart and chic.

MARY But the other girls smoke...

SUSAN MAUGHAN So—why not be different? When people offer me a cigarette I get quite a kick out of saying I don't smoke. Stand out from the crowd. You'll be much more **interesting**, and believe me you'll *feel* so much better, too.

MARY Well, I'll try and stop.

SUSAN MAUGHAN Oh, you can easily stop if you want to. But, the best way to stop is never to start!

**Susan Maughan says:
Smart Girls Don't Smoke**

The Children's Newspaper, 25th April, 1964

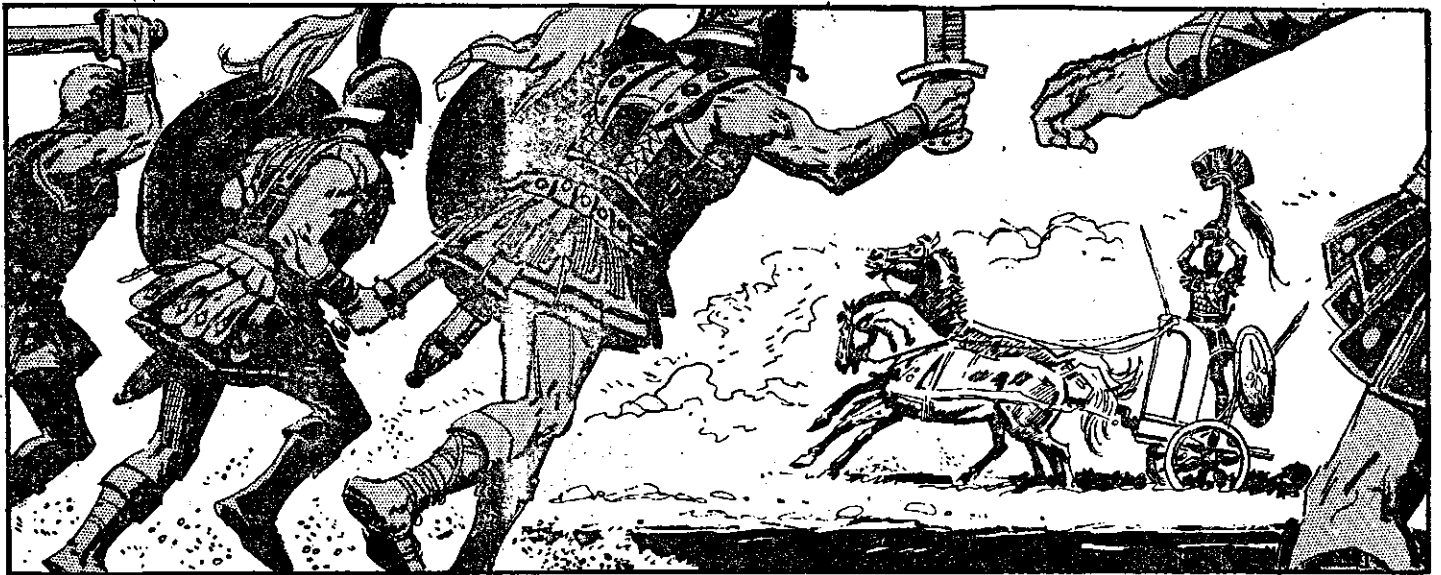
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Although the Greek warrior, Achilles, had sworn never to fight again until Agamemnon's insult to him had been avenged, he allowed his friend, Patroclus, to borrow some of his men for the fight. Dressed in Achilles' armour, Patroclus led these fresh troops into battle. But, in repulsing the Trojans, the brave Patroclus was killed by Hector.

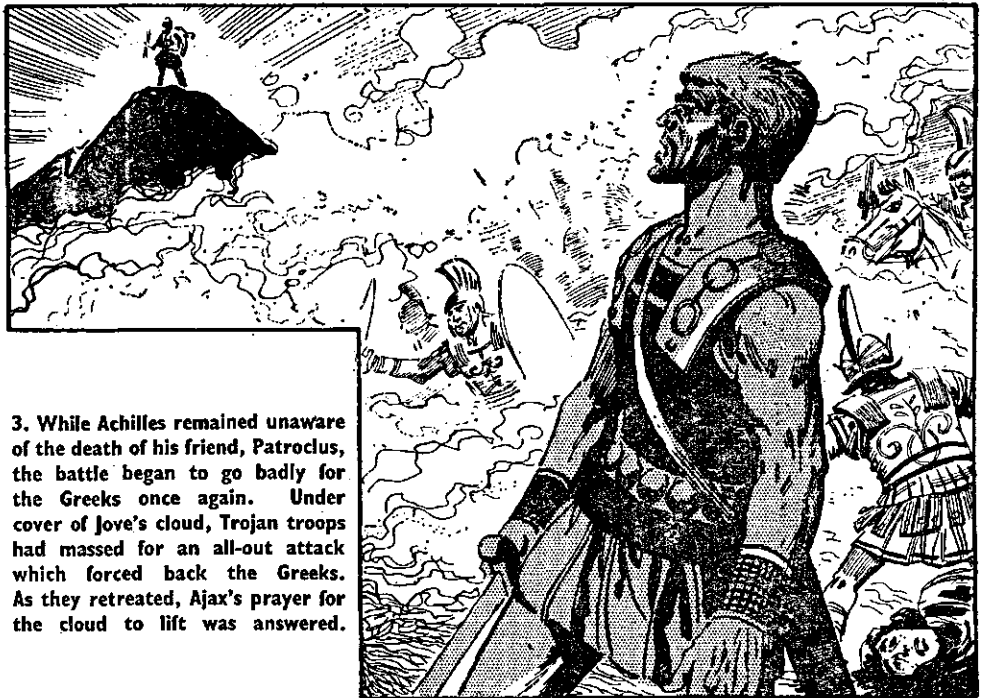
THE ILIAD

Part 18

1. To prevent the body of Patroclus being taken by the enemy, the Greeks fought like demons. When King Menelaus was forced to give ground (as Hector joined in the fray) he called on the help of Ajax and his brother. The fight for the right to recover their dead hero's body was bitter in the extreme. When Hector finally broke away, he proudly wore the armour of the great Achilles (which had been ripped off Patroclus when he was killed) as he mounted his chariot. Then, ignoring the battle over the dead Patroclus, he threw himself into the general fray. Infuriated at Hector's action, the Greeks posted more men around their fallen hero, while the rest of their troops tried to stem the horde of advancing Trojans.

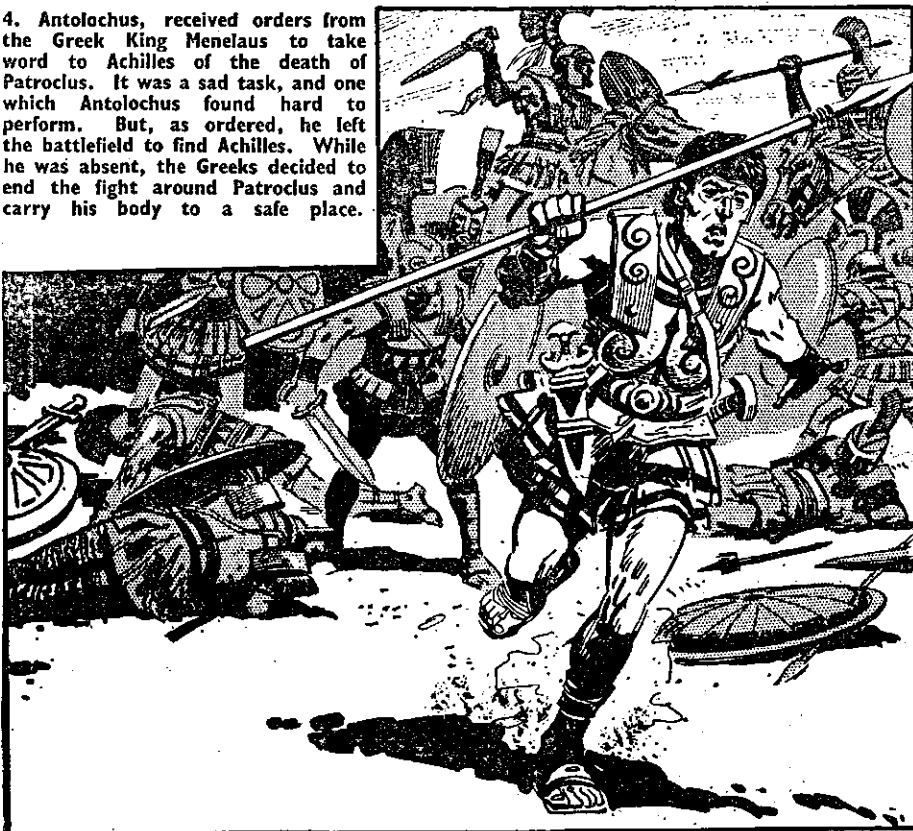


2. Then, Mighty Jove intervened. He sent a black cloud over the battlefield. Even so, the fighting continued. The heroic Greek warrior, Patroclus, still lay where he had been killed. About him, faithful friends shielded his body and fought fanatically to prevent it from falling into enemy hands.



3. While Achilles remained unaware of the death of his friend, Patroclus, the battle began to go badly for the Greeks once again. Under cover of Jove's cloud, Trojan troops had massed for an all-out attack which forced back the Greeks. As they retreated, Ajax's prayer for the cloud to lift was answered.

4. Antolochus, received orders from the Greek King Menelaus to take word to Achilles of the death of Patroclus. It was a sad task, and one which Antolochus found hard to perform. But, as ordered, he left the battlefield to find Achilles. While he was absent, the Greeks decided to end the fight around Patroclus and carry his body to a safe place.



5. This task fell to the Greek leader, Meriones, and King Menelaus. Arrangements were made by the great warrior, Ajax, who meanwhile held off further Trojan attacks. Finally, the dead Patroclus was bravely borne off the field, away from the bitter struggle.



C N fiction

Led by Luath, the golden Labrador, Bodger, the bull-terrier, and Tao, the Siamese cat, had left the friendly home of John Longridge (with whom they had been 'boarded' during their master's absence abroad).

Now they were making the long westward trek home. Before them lay mile upon mile of unknown territory and unsuspected hazards.

The three animals were foraging in a farmyard for food when all at once someone started shooting at them!

6. Tao in Danger!

DEAFENED and stunned, Bodger stood for a moment, shaking his head; a second shot clanged against metal and brought him to his senses. He grabbed a bone in passing, and dashed after the Labrador, running so fast that he outdistanced him. A spray of pellets followed, stinging into their hindquarters so that they leaped simultaneously and redoubled their speed.

Soon they were in the shelter of the bush, but it was a long time before they halted for the night. The old dog was so exhausted that he slept until dawn.

The pellets had been only momentarily painful, but the incident increased the young dog's wary nervousness.

However, a few days later, despite his care, they had another unexpected encounter.

The travellers came down from the hills to find themselves on the banks of a river running north and south. It was about a hundred feet across to the far bank, and, although shallow enough in the ordinary way, was far too deep for the animals to cross without swimming.

The young dog led the way downstream for some distance, looking for a means of crossing, as it was obvious that his companions would not even wet their feet if they could possibly help it, both sharing a great dislike of water. Once or twice he plunged in and swam around, looking back at the other two, obviously trying to entice them by showing them how easy it was. But they remained sitting close together on the bank, united in misery, and he was forced to continue trotting downstream, becoming increasingly worried as he went, aware that it was the wrong direction.

IT was lonely, uninhabited country, so that there were no bridges, and the river if anything became wider as they trotted along the banks.

After three or four miles the young dog could endure the frustration no longer; he plunged into the water and swam rapidly and strongly across to the far side, his tail streaming out behind like an otter's. He loved the water, and was as much at home in it as the other two hated and feared it. He stood on the far bank, barking encouragingly, but the old dog whined in such distress, the cat yowling in chorus, that he swam across again, paddling around in the shallows near the bank.

The old dog walked gingerly into the shallow water, shivering and miserable, turning his head away. Once more the Labrador swam the river, climbed out on the far side, shook himself, and barked.

There was no mistaking the command. The old dog took another reluctant step forward, whining piteously, his expressive tail tucked under. The barking continued; again the terrier advanced; again the Labrador swam across to encourage him.

Three times he swam across, and the third time the old dog waded in up to his chest and started swimming. He was not very good at it; he swam in jerky, rapid movements, his head held high out of the water, his little black eyes rolling fearfully. But he was a bull terrier, a "white cavalier," and he kept on, following the wake of the other, until at last he climbed out on the far side.

His transports of joy on reaching dry land were like those of a shipwrecked mariner after six weeks at sea on a raft: he rushed in circles, rolled on his back, ran along with alternate shoulders low in the long grass to dry himself.



Tao, the Siamese

and finally joined the Labrador on the bank to bark encouragingly at the cat.

THE poor cat now showed the first signs of fear since leaving on his journey; he was alone, and the only way to rejoin his friends lay in swimming across the terrible stretch of water.

He ran up and down the bank, all the time keeping up his unearthly Siamese wailing. The young dog went through the same tiring performance that he had used before, swimming to and fro, trying to entice him into the water; but the cat was beside himself with terror and it was a long time before he finally made up his mind.

When he did, it was with a sudden blind, desperate rush at the water, completely un-catlike. His expression of horror and distaste was almost comical as he started swimming towards the young dog, who waited for him a few yards out.

He proved to be a surprisingly good swimmer, and was making steady progress across, the dog swimming alongside, when tragedy struck.

MANY years before, a colony of beavers had dammed a small creek which had tumbled into the river about two miles upstream. Since the beavers had left, the dam had been crumbling and loosening gradually, until it had become just a question of time before it would give way altogether, and drain the flooded land behind.

Now, by a twist of fate, a rotting log gave way and a large section bulged forward under the added strain. Almost as the two

The INCREDIBLE JOURNEY



by Sheila Burnford

animals reached midstream the dam broke altogether. The pent-up force of the unleashed creek leaped through the gap in an ever-widening torrent, carrying everything before it and surging into the river, where it became a swift, mountainous wave—carrying small trees, torn-away branches, pieces of riverbank, and beaver dam before it on the crest.

The young dog saw the onrushing wave several moments before it reached them, and frantically tried to swim into a position upstream of the cat, instinctively trying to protect him; but he was too late, and the great curling, crested wave surged over, submerging them in a whirling chaos of debris.

The end of a log struck the cat full on the head; he was swept under and over and over until his body was finally caught on a half-submerged piece of the old dam, and was carried along on the impetus of the wave as it tore down the river bed.

The old dog, barking wildly in anxiety—for he had sensed the disaster although he could not see it—waded chest-deep into the churning water, but its force

knocked him back again, breathless and choking; he was forced to retreat.

The other dog, strong swimmer though he was, made his way to the bank only with the greatest difficulty. Even then he was carried almost half a mile downstream before his feet were on firm ground. Immediately he set off, down the riverside, in pursuit.

Several times he saw the little figure of the cat, half under water, surging ahead on the swift white crest; but he was never near enough, except at one point where the partially submerged piece of beaver dam caught on an overhanging branch. He plunged in immediately; but, just as he was nearly within reach, it tore free, and once more went whirling down the river until it was lost to sight.

Gradually the dog fell farther and farther behind. At last he was brought to a complete halt when the river entered a rocky gorge, with no foothold on either side. He was forced to climb inland, and, by the time he rejoined the river on the far side of the gorge, there was no sign of the cat.



From the Walt Disney Film

Near to death, Tao was now in the good hands of the Nurmi family

IT was nearly dark when he returned to find the terrier, who was walking wearily towards him along the river-bank; the Labrador was exhausted, limping, and utterly spent and miserable—so much so that he barely returned the greeting of the bewildered and lonely old dog, but dropped to the ground, his flanks heaving, and lay there until thirst drove him to the water's edge.

They spent that night where they were, by the bank of the river, peaceful at last after the violence of the afternoon. They lay curled closely together for comfort and warmth, and when a thin, cold rain fell as the wind rose, they moved under the spreading branches of an old spruce for shelter.

In the middle of the night the old dog sat up, trembling all over with cold. He threw his head back and howled his requiem of grief and loneliness to the heavy, weeping sky; until at last the young dog rose wearily and led him away from the river, long before dawn broke, and over the hills to the west.

MANY miles downstream, on the side to which the dogs had crossed, a small cabin stood near the bank of the river. Reino Nurmi and his wife lived there.

They had retained their Finnish identity complete when they left their homeland, exchanging only one country's set of solitudes and vast lonely forests for another's, and as yet their only real contact with the new world that lay beyond their property line was through their ten-year-old daughter Helvi, who knew no other homeland. Helvi walked the lonely miles to the waiting school bus each day, and through her they strengthened their roots in the security of the New World, and were content meanwhile with horizons limited by their labour.

On the Sunday afternoon that the beaver dam broke, Helvi was down by the river, skipping flat stones across the water, and wishing that she had a companion, when her eye was caught by a piece of debris that had been whirling around in a back eddy and was now caught on some boulders at the edge of the bank.

She could see what looked like a small, limp body on the surface. She ran along by the boiling water to investigate, scrambling down the bank, to stand looking with pity at the wet, bedraggled body, wondering what it was, for she had never seen anything like it before. She dragged the mass of twigs and branches farther up on land, then ran to call her mother, who followed Helvi, calling out to her husband to come and see this strange animal washed up by the unfamiliar, swift-surfing river.

Reino Nurmi joined the others, to look down in silence at the small limp body, the darkly plastered fur betraying its slightness, the frail skull bones and thin, crooked tail mercilessly exposed.

He turned and saw Helvi's anxious, questioning face close to his own, and, beyond that, her mother's.

"IS a drowned cat worth trying to save?" he asked them; and, when her mother nodded, before Helvi's pleading eyes, he said no more, but scooped the soaking bundle up and walked back to sit near the cabin.

To be continued
© Sheila Burnford, 1964



Schoolboys' International—England v. Germany

MATCHES AT WEMBLEY AND MIDDLESBROUGH

THE MAKING OF AN ATHLETE

The High Jump

TO be any good at the high jump event you must possess a fair amount of natural spring. The way to test this before concentrating on the actual technique of the clearance, is to face a wall with your hands extended above you and flat against it.

Mark with a piece of chalk the extent of your reach; turn sideways, bringing the arms down loosely beside you, and bend your knees as though to spring off a diving board. Leap into the air and mark (or get someone to mark for you) the highest point reached. Measure the distance between the original mark and that made by your leap. If it is in excess of two feet, then this is good and you should take up high jumping.

All the world's greatest high jumpers use the Straddle jump, for it has definite mechanical

by

F. J. Horwill

Senior Honorary Amateur Athletic Association Coach
Here is another in a series of instructional articles specially written for C.N.

advantages over the Scissor and Western Roll. To do it properly, however, you must be strong in the legs and thighs, and only weight training and/or circuit training can do this.

Technique of the Straddle. Never try this jump in a gymnasium or on grass unless there is a first-class landing area. You must learn how to land before you jump. Stand between the high jump uprights, turn your back on the landing pit, and take three strides forward at an angle of 40 degrees. Place a mark where the left foot lands on the third stride; face the landing pit and run the distance, starting with the left leg and jumping off with the left leg on the third stride, landing in the

ENGLAND'S schoolboys have a busy time ahead; they are meeting the boys from Germany twice in three days—at Wembley Stadium on Saturday, and at Middlesbrough the following Monday.

The England boys will be eager to avenge two successive defeats—at Heilbronn, in Germany, last year, and at Wembley, in 1962. In all, the schoolboys of the two countries have met nine times, England winning five of these matches, Germany three, with one draw.

The match at Middlesbrough is a special affair, arranged to mark the Diamond Jubilee of the English Schools' Football Association, which has a proud record since it was founded in 1904. (Mr. Tye, Secretary of the ESFA, wrote about the Association's 60 years in C.N. issue dated 11th January.)

pit on your RIGHT leg. No bar is used at this stage. Repeat this several times until used to it.

Do this again, but instead of just jumping straight into the pit, turn to the left in mid air, still landing on the right leg. After several tries, allow the hands to touch the ground as the right leg lands, in other words, a three-point landing with the leg landing slightly before the hands. Now, all you have to do is to roll over on to the right side into the sand.

Place a bar at two feet height and follow through the same movements as before. You will soon get used to taking off with the left foot and swinging the right one over the bar and landing properly.

When you are able to clear three feet from three strides' approach, start lengthening your run-up to five strides, always starting off with the take-off foot. Work up to a seven-stride approach.

As much of your body as possible must be raised above the centre of gravity before take-off. This means both arms must be raised as the right leg swings up to the bar. This takes a great deal of practice. Try walking with both arms swinging ahead together. As the right leg goes forward, both arms should be forward and as it comes back, so should the arms, coming forward again with the right leg as it goes up to clear the bar.

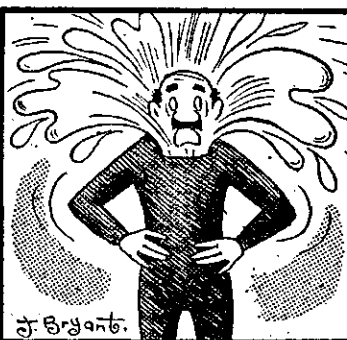
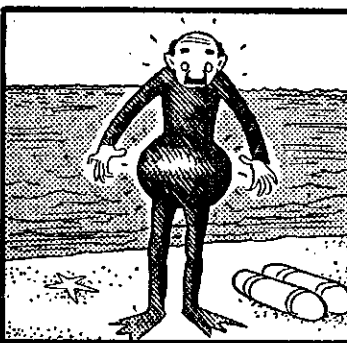
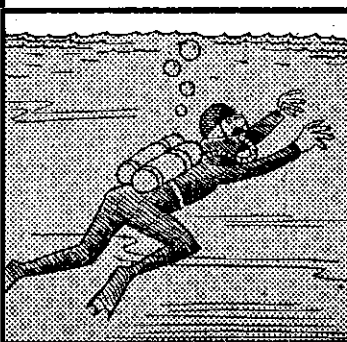
Fast run-ups can only be managed by strong athletes because at the time of take-off the body is subject to great strain.

Great care should be taken not to lean into the bar at take-off and a conscious effort must be made to hunch up the left shoulder at this stage.

Next week: Putting the Shot



ALL-ROUND ALFIE



I saw the England boys in action at Chesterfield three weeks ago, when their visitors were John Collins and his team from Wales (see C.N. issue dated 21st March).

With the exception of Graham Fox, at centre half, England fielded the side which had beaten Ireland by nine goals to one at Reading on 21st March.

England again won comfortably enough, by five goals to nil. But Wales had some very bad luck; John Collins headed the ball against a post before England

A scene during the match at Wembley in 1962 in which Germany beat England by two goals to one

opened the scoring. And what a disastrous goal that was! A defender kicked the ball away only for it to strike centre half Edward Woodyatt and rebound into the net.

The other four goals, however, were the result of splendid team work.

Robert Glozier captained the England team, and he was "very pleased with the result." This London grammar school boy "hasn't given much thought to a future in football. At present, I'm more concerned with getting the GCE at 'O' level. Then I'm hoping to attain 'A' level." Bobby feels that one should have a career or trade lined up before even thinking of turning to professional football.

"It's a comparatively short life, and unless one has a trade to follow, life could be very hard indeed when football days have ended," he said.

Having scored 14 goals in two international matches suggests an England attack of power and understanding. As might be expected, the defence has not yet been unduly troubled. Even so, there were evident signs of a fine understanding between the players, and the covering was excellent.

In meeting the boys from Germany, the England team faces its hardest task yet. The indications are that spectators at Wembley and at Middlesbrough will be in for some thrilling football.

Now here are some notes on the players who appeared against Wales at Chesterfield:

Goal: Derek Forster (Manor Park Technical School, Newcastle) A

By the Sports Editor

Northumberland County player, he shows excellent anticipation and has a safe pair of hands.

Right back: Robert Glozier (East Ham Grammar School). England captain; has also represented London and Essex.

Left back: Thomas Youlden (Holloway School, Islington). Has played for London and Middlesex; captain of the Islington team.

Right half: George Luke (Eppleton Secondary Modern School, Lambton and Hetton). A Durham County player. Strong in attack and with a powerful shot, as seen in scoring a goal against both Ireland and Wales.

Centre half: Graham Fox (Gateway Grammar School, Leicester). Got his first cap against Wales. An adaptable player who is equally at home at wing half or at back.

Left half: Roy Evans (St. George of England Secondary Modern School, Bootle). Like George Luke, Roy is strong in attack, and scored against Ireland.

Outside right: Ian Brough (Blue Coat Church of England School, Walsall). Has played for Staffordshire and Birmingham and District. Scored against Ireland.

Inside right: George McVitie (Harraby Secondary Modern School, Carlisle). A Cumberland County player. Excellent ball control, and his snap shooting brought him a fine goal against Wales.

Centre forward: Ronald Bryan (St. Peter's Secondary Modern School, Sheffield). A Yorkshire County player who is fast and shoots strongly. Scored three times against Ireland and got a goal against Wales.

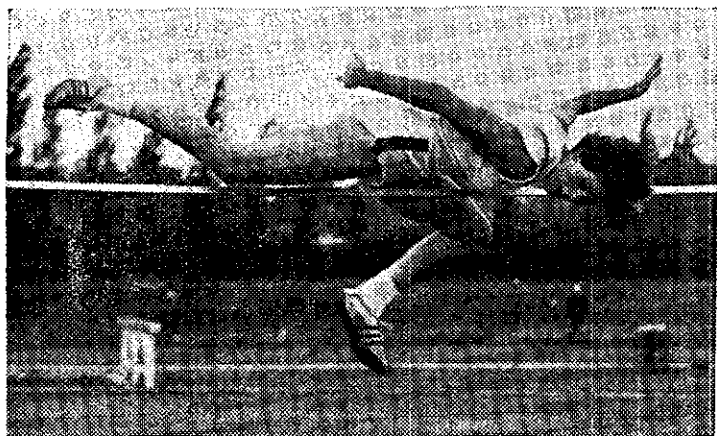
Inside left: Colin Suggett (Washington Grammar School, Chester-le-Street). This Durham County player captains the Chester-le-Street team which has reached the final of the English Schools' Trophy. Got a goal against both Ireland and Wales.

Outside left: Robert Bristow (Upton House Secondary Modern School, Hackney). Fast and direct, has represented London and Middlesex. Scored twice in the match with Ireland.

Reserves for that match were: **Alan Morgan** (Aylesham County Secondary School—Dover Schools); **Stuart Creech** (Caversham Secondary Modern School, Reading); **Roger Davidson** (Sir Philip Magnus School, King's Cross, London—Islington Schools); **Douglas Griffiths** (King's Norton Secondary Modern School, King's Norton); and **Trevor Brookling** (Ilford County High School).

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

(P. 4) Knowledge Acrostic: 1. Louvre. 2. Equator. 3. Ohm. 4. Norway. 5. Aneroid. 6. Radium. 7. Disney. 8. Omega. 9. David. 10. Aaron. 11. Violin. 12. Incas. 13. Numbers. 14. Churchill. 15. Israel. **LEONARDO DA VINCI.** (P. 10) Composer in Outline: Elgar. Change a Letter: Butter; tart; pie; bread; bacon; cake. All Ways Right: **NOON.** Fiction Fame: Transfers: Stanley Medium Matthews—Stoke Arabia City; Terry Paine RebatE —Southampton; KimonO Frank Blunsone; TenniS Chelsea; Joe Shaw Waiter —Sheffield United; Assent Harry Gregg—Manchester United; Injury Gordon Banks—Narrow TOM SAWYER Leicester City. Four Females, Please! Pamela; Myrtle; Brenda; Evelyn. Sign of the Zodiac: Pisces. (P. 3) C.N. Chess Club: 1. N—B6. QxB. If 1... BxN 2. QxPch. K—R1 3Q—B6 mate. If 1... NxN 2. BxB winning easily. If 1... BxB 2. NxQ. 2. NxN ch K—B1 3. R—K1 B—K3 4. NxP Resigned.



Frances Slaap, of Great Britain and Middlesex, uses the Straddle

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